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THE CALVERT LITH. COMP. DETROIT.

Most respectfully yrs

*Henry A. Ferry*

1950  
APR

1950  
APR

1950  
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1950 APR



# IN MEMORIAM.

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FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

ON

OCCASION OF THE DEATH.

OF

# REV. WILLIAM MONTAGUE FERRY,

BORN IN GRANBY, MASS., SEPT. 8, 1796. DIED IN GRAND HAVEN,  
MICHIGAN, DECEMBER 30, 1867.

OBITUARY DISCOURSE BY REV. DANIEL H. EVANS,  
PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GRAND HAVEN.

ADDRESS BY REV. DAVID M. COOPER, OF ALBION, MICHIGAN,  
FORMER PASTOR OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GRAND HAVEN, MICH.

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1869.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

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The services connected with the interment of the remains of the Rev. WILLIAM M. FERRY, January 2, 1868, were commenced at the residence of his family with Prayer, by Rev. D. H. EVANS, Pastor; a hymn sung by the children of the deceased; then, under charge of Mayor PARKS, the procession was formed and remains conveyed to the First Presbyterian Church.

The exercises at the church were, singing of the following chant by the Choir:

"Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

### INVOCATION,

By Rev. J. RICE TAYLOR, of St. John's (Episcopal) Church.

### HYMN,

"When I can read my title clear."

Read by Rev. D. H. EVANS, Pastor.

### READING SCRIPTURE,

*The Ninetieth and Ninety-first Psalms.*

By Rev. E. D. NEWBERRY, of Ionia.

### PRAYER,

By Rev. DAVID M. COOPER, of Albion, Mich.

### HYMN,

"How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord."

Read by Rev. Mr. SAVAGE, of the Congregational Church, Grand Haven, Mich.

### FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

By Rev. D. H. EVANS, Pastor.

**HYMN,**

"With my substance I will honor."

Read by Rev. L. M. S. SMITH.

**EXTTEMPORE ADDRESS,**

By Rev. DAVID M. COOPER, of Albion, Mich., formerly Pastor of  
First Presbyterian Church, Grand Haven.

**PRAYER,**

By Rev. C. VAN DER VEEN, Pastor of the Protestant Reformed  
Church, Grand Haven, Michigan.

After these solemn services, the procession to the grave was  
formed, under direction of Mayor Parks, in the following order:

**The Clergy.****The Common Council.****Pall Bearers:**

C. B. Albee,		Henry Griffin,
Dwight Cutler,	X	Hamilton Jones.
Geo. E. Hubbard,	O	H. C. Ackley,
Edward Killean,	O	Carl L. Storrs,
Capt. Harry Miller,	Q	Chas. E. Wyman,
Capt. Robert Howlet,	Q	Capt. Heber Squier,

**Wm. H. Parks.****The Family and Relatives of Deceased.****Doctors J. B. McNett and Stephen Munroe.****Clerks in the Employ of Ferry & Son.****Old Residents of Ottawa County and Friends from abroad.****Citizens.**

# LIVING AND DYING IN THE LORD.

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SERMON DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION OF THE FUNERAL OF  
REV. WILLIAM M. FERRY, IN GRAND HAVEN,  
MICHIGAN, JAN. II, MDCCCLXVIII.

---

BY REV. D. H. EVANS,  
*Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church,*  
GRAND HAVEN.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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GRAND HAVEN, January 6, 1868.

*Rev. D. H. Evans, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church:*

DEAR SIR.—If consistent with your views we would request, for publication, a copy of your very able sermon, delivered on the occasion of the funeral of Reverend WILLIAM M. FERRY, in this city, January 2, A. D. 1868.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE PARKS,	H. GRIFFIN,
JOHN W. HOPKINS,	JAS. A. RICE,
A. W. TAYLOR,	HENRY G. BIGELOW,
E. BAXTER,	DAVID E. ROSE,
GEO. W. WOODWARD,	GEO. E. HUBBARD.

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*Messrs. Geo. Parks, John W. Hopkins, and others:*

GENTLEMEN.—In reply to your request for a copy of the address delivered at the funeral of the Reverend WM. M. FERRY, I would say, that as the address was an attempt to hold up the plain, good, holy man, and, believing you to be sincerely attached to his memory, I do not hesitate to submit herewith to you a copy for your proposed purpose.

Yours respectfully,

D. H. EVANS.

GRAND HAVEN, January 10, 1868.

## SERMON.

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MY FRIENDS:—If there is in the husband that which interests the wife; in the father that which interests the children; in the friend that which interests the friend; in their faithful, nurturing shepherd that which interests a church of Christ; in the pioneer and founder of a city that which interests its inhabitants; in truth and piety, clear judgment and sterling character that which interests every good heart; then our presence here I read aright, when I say it means that we all have a deep interest in every thing pertaining to the life of him to whose mortal part we pay our last respects to - day.

Therefore, the following items relating to the Rev. William Montague Ferry, we are all comforted in recounting.

He was born in Granby, Massachusetts, on the eighth day of September, seventeen hundred and ninety - six. He was the youngest but one of a family of ten children, of which Aretas Ferry, of Bernardston, Massachusetts, the youngest brother, is now the only survivor. His father, Noah Ferry, was a sturdy New England farmer. With the result of honest toil upon his acres, he managed to bring up his large family, and to give them such opportunities for education as his means

could control; and as they all grew up to manhood, and began life for themselves, the memory of the father's sterling worth, and strict devotion to correct principle as the rule of his life, was each child's most valued patrimony. With the recollection of the father were always blended the fond love and fervid prayers of their mother in the hearts of these boys; and long after his death she lived to be their encouragement and care, their most worthy pride and joy.

Our friend, at fifteen years of age, was a slight, frail youth, not physically adapted to the rugged toil of a farmer's life; and so, having given his heart to Christ, he became most ambitious to pursue a collegiate course, and to attain a thorough education for the purpose of preaching the Gospel. His father's limited means forbade a hope for his assistance to forward this ambition; nor could he win his father's consent to his purpose, until he offered and promised that under no circumstance would he solicit aid from any one, or from any benevolent society, but would rely upon his own personal endeavor.

His first employment with an education in view was with an older brother, Heman Ferry, who was settled in mercantile business at Remsen, near Utica, New York, who offered him a place in his store as clerk. During a clerkship of three years he applied himself to study as he could find opportunity without interfering with his employed services.

At eighteen, he accepted an offer of a place as tutor, from his uncle, Mr. Joseph Montague, who was teaching

a female seminary, at Kinderhook, New York. He taught here one year, and then went to Plainfield, Massachusetts, where he prepared for college, under the instruction of the Rev. Moses Halleck. While pursuing his preparatory studies, he took charge of the Sanderson Academy, at Ashfield, thus providing for his needed expenses.

At twenty-one, he was ready to enter upon his collegiate course. An incident, to illustrate his character, as well as to show his financial condition at this time, may not be amiss. After determining upon the place for continuing his studies, he visited the old homestead, and solicited his eldest brother to take him and his books to Union College, Schenectady, New York. With his one horse and wagon, this brother made the then long journey, kindly giving the student this needed help. In crossing a defective bridge, near Schenectady, the horse's leg was broken, and another horse must be bought to fill the place. The young student insisted that the journey was made for his sake, and he must bear the loss. The older brother, not knowing the extent of his funds, yielded, and the sixty dollars, necessary to buy a horse, was all he had, save a single sixpence; and this was the amount with which he began his first term in college.

He found in Dr. Yates, a leading Professor in Union College, one to whom he could state his condition and purpose, and who offered him employment, which he filled at intervals, thus paying his own way through his college course. He entered the Sophomore class and graduated in his twenty-fourth year. Having

devoted himself to the christian ministry, he pursued a course of theological study, of two years at New Brunswick, New Jersey, and of six months under the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., of New York, and was licensed and ordained, by the Presbytery of New York, in eighteen hundred and twenty-two. He then offered his services as a missionary to the United Foreign Missionary Society, expecting to be sent to a foreign field; but while awaiting the necessary preliminaries for this purpose, he was appointed to explore among the Indian tribes of the Northwest; which exploration resulted in the establishment of the Mackinaw Mission, on the island of Michilimackinac. He remained at Mackinaw a year in laying the foundation for this important mission; and, returning to Massachusetts, he was married, at Ashfield, to Miss Amanda White, eldest daughter of Thomas White, Esq., and, with Mrs. Ferry, returned to Mackinaw, in eighteen hundred and twenty-three. In eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, this mission came under the care of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The history of his labors at Mackinaw is a history of incessant toil for twelve years. Our words can not weigh the value of such labors; but the book of God's remembrance has the record of their worth.

Those who have known his unyielding devotedness to what he deemed to be duty, and the burden of anxiety for the Christian welfare of those under his charge, which taxed to the utmost the energies of body and mind, can well understand the degree of admiration

which the people of Mackinaw manifested for him. None, but one gifted as he was, could have moulded into usefulness such material as was then adrift on that border of civilization. Under the blessing of God's grace and spirit we may believe that many souls were gathered into the kingdom through the instrumentality of that mission. He also acted as Chaplain of the important military post of Mackinaw, and his labors among the troops are often now recalled by the older officers and soldiers of our regular army with the warmest tokens of affection. That island was then likewise the principle depot of the American Fur Company in the North West, and for the Christian welfare of the employees of that Company we know he labored not in vain. The establishment of the Mackinaw Mission, however, was intended principally to counteract the untoward influences which the Indian tribes met, when, every year, for the purpose of receiving their annuities, they assembled at the island. Schools were organized, and there hundreds of Indian children were brought under the influence of our Christian Religion. Many were there educated, and from there many carried the truths and blessings of Christianity to their homes in the wilds of the North and West. Truly that was the bread of life cast upon the changing waters.

After twelve years of such cares, with health seriously impaired, with the support of his family urging claims upon him, which must be met, and with that same spirit which recoiled at the thought of being a burden upon the charity of any one, or that his family should be left

homeless, and not expecting to be able to continue in the discharge of the duties of the ministry, he determined to give up his place at Mackinaw. In the early part of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four, he decided to leave the mission, much to the regret of the Secretary of the American Board, who visited Mackinaw, and endeavored to dissuade him from his determination. Concerning this period, he himself has said: "A very dear friend, in easy circumstances, at this time proposed, unsought, that I should take certain funds, that he cheerfully provided, and let my first object be travel, for the purpose not only of restoring my health, but of seeking a new residence." This friend, we understand, was the late Robert Stuart, of Detroit. Accordingly he visited Chicago, St. Joseph, Milwaukee and Detroit. At Detroit, he made an arrangement with Mr. Stuart to go and explore the then almost unknown Grand River Valley to its mouth. He traveled across the State on horseback, in company with Mr. N. H. White, to Grand Rapids, and in a canoe down the Grand River to Lake Michigan. From the mouth of Grand River he went with three Indians in a bark canoe to Mackinaw, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, and was sixteen days coasting along the shore.

On the second day of November, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, he returned to this place with his family, the first white family that settled in this county. Under a business arrangement with Robert Stuart and Rix Robinson, this place was then first laid out as a village, and was called "Grand Haven." It was on a Sab-

bath morning that this family landed here, and directly the head of it called them into a log house on the shore, and preached from Zachariah, iv. 10:

"For who hath despised the day of small things?"

Six churches sit now where the little flock heard those good words thirty-three years ago.

Few places have so laid their foundations. We accept the truth that the day of small things should not be despised; but then we are convinced by the past history of our place. Our good fellow-citizen was braver in his faith than we; for he stood in the mists and the darkness of our dawn and yet spoke the text.

This family now encountered the toils and trials of pioneer life in its various forms. The waves of the financial crisis of eighteen hundred and thirty-six and thirty-seven reached this isolation, and had their prostrating results here; and again, our friend, with almost empty hands, began anew the task of toil. God has a law that industry shall succeed; and if this one obtained a competence it was because he knew how not to despise, but industriously to improve the day of small things.

Although he made tents he preached. Here the regular assembling for religious worship on the Sabbath has always been maintained; and for more than eighteen years, and until the people were able and willing to employ a minister, he gave his services to this people. Moreover, concerning his labors, he might in truth have

said, with the tent-maker of old: "I was chargable to no man."

There are those among you who, for many years, have known the business life of this man. The whole tenor of that career I commit to the honesty and candor of you, who are better acquainted with it and better able to judge of it than myself, not fearing that you shall find it at all discordant with the character of Christ's disciple, and confident that you will ever behold it bending to a higher vocation, and waiting upon the discharge of more sacred duties.

The great interest which our fellow citizen took in our country is known to all. He gave heartily and proudly two of his sons to its service, in the time of its late peril. One, with scrupulous devotion, was permitted to give his efforts and make his patriotic sacrifices, until the closing of the great tragedy gave him honorable release. The other was released much sooner, but not less honorably. You know the sad story of that mighty sorrow, and the darkness of that funeral day. I would not draw aside the veil which covers those scenes, but to tell how bravely the father rose above it all, like the eagle higher than the storm. He loved his child most dearly; but he could lay his gift upon his country's altar, and say, the imperiled interests demanded all. Another marked instance of his patriotism has been more lately manifested, and under circumstances of sacrifice. Public duties of trust called his second son to Washington two months ago, when the father's health seemed to be growing more and more feeble, and his life seemed verily to

be ebbing away. If patriotism had not been above paternal affection, he would have said: My son, I can not spare you now. Instead he said, "Go." There he would have him stay; for he argued, "That is his post; his duties are there, duties to his country, duties to his constituency; and there he must remain; my need of him is altogether secondary." When that son came back to the dying bed, it was at no call of the father. Our country can ill afford to lose, by this true man's death, such loyalty and unselfish interest. My countrymen, his spirit is highly worthy of emulation.

It has been my special part to know him as a Christian brother and a member of the same ecclesiastical body with myself. I am here to hold up before you the holy mantle of the Christian hero; not a mantle like that held by Antony over the corpse of Cæsar, for this is not rent. It is like Elijah's mantle falling from his ascension. If I could only shroud myself and you each in his holy character, we too could go down through life, making a godly name, and the stream of death would know it, as of old the waters of Jordan felt the magic power of the Prophet's robe, and stood apart.

Many ministerial brethren will miss in Presbytery that "present!" which rolled up so regularly in response to the name of Wm. M. Ferry, for the attendance upon these meetings, both regular and special, he regarded as a great duty. Not two months ago he took active part in our deliberations, and he went sixty miles to be present—it was his last journey from home. His counsel will be greatly missed; and his judicial clearness may

not soon be supplied in the meetings of the body, he was so instrumental in organizing, and where his presence was a weight.

His Christian character was that which was to be admired, to be loved, and loved fondly, by all, who would approach the holy of holies within him. To that inner temple of tenderness and love any or all gained unchallenged entrance, who simply spoke a word of Christ or his kingdom.

You know his worth. His worth is known abroad;

“And the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, This was a man.”

However, when he put into my hands these selected hymns, which we sing to day, and asked that they might be sung at his funeral, he did not dream of panegyrics, that should embalm him before the people whom he had so long and so well loved, for he never lived for the praise of men. If he ever thought of his own memory among you, he knew that your minds needed not to be charged to give him place. The good, plain man said, “Let the services over my remains be simple.”

While he was so indifferent to the encomiums which might speak his real worth, he was even in his last hours anxious for the welfare of Christ’s people here. Having loved us, brethren, he loved us unto the end. Oh! how he longed to hear that God’s spirit was among us, and he bent his ear to catch, and he said it was his wish to hear, “the sound of a going in the tops of the

Mulberry trees." He laid upon my lips a charge that I should tell God's people to make their calling and election sure. He marvelled that Christians should doubt. Only last Saturday afternoon he said, "Christians ought to examine themselves and find whether they are in the faith, and if they are not they should get right." These words come to us to-day like the farewell of aged Peter, who, just before he had said "knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me," said, "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never fail: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly unto the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." These words come not simply from the trembling lips of our dear dying brother, but his life speaks them; the manner of his death confirms them. Long ago he assured himself of his peace with God, and he said, he had had no doubt for years. His death declared that his entrance into the kingdom above was an abundant one. "All's well!" was the sentry's challenge, but it passed beyond the lines and struck the ear of a dying soldier, tossing upon his bed. "Yes," was his echo, "all is well; all is well." There is nothing so comforting to the dying as the sweet, sure hope of God's child. "I have no anxiety about myself" is the best consolation that the dying can have; and it soothes the sorrow which death leaves.

Such preparation for death is made in life; best made and most assured before our "feet shall stumble on the

dark mountains." God's mercy may gild a dying hour with the rays of a first glad hope, but while the Bible tells of many who proved their faith by their lives of love and work, it tells of but one who went amid the pains of death in a single hour to Paradise with Christ. Our good brother said, "The lines which bound my fortified hope lie away off years ago." Every year placed fear farther away, and that soul became a citadel invincible.

Do you ask what it is to have the calling and election sure? These very words deny that we can make these things sure with God. Calling and election say to us that God is already assured of his own, and ever hath known them that are his. The assurance spoken of is that which relates to ourselves. We are enjoined to give diligence to make ourselves certain of our relation as children to God. Has God's voice, in a special manner, laid on our hearts the message, give these to me? Have we heard "his brooding voice," as Bunyan calls it, which is like the tender cherishing clucking of the hen when she would gather her chickens under her wings, "I will cover thee with my feathers, and under my wings shalt thou trust." Have we the certainty of our election? We know that God has chosen some as Christ's seed unto everlasting life. Now the important inquiry with us is, are we of that number? Of this we may be assured. This assurance is attainable. We may "draw near to God with the full assurance of faith."

The possibility of assurance urges us with intense interest to seek the manner of it. How can we be assured

of our peace with God? How can we know that we are chosen and called unto eternal life? Some have sought to obtain a result, in regard to this matter, in means of an extraordinary kind; visions, dreams, voices have seemed to decide it for many. Such evidences are neither necessary nor good, for assurance is obtained by ordinary means; and yet these do not embrace self reliance, self confidence or any thing which savors of presumption. Our brother had more of this holy assurance than any one I ever knew, and yet he spoke repeatedly of the weakness of human nature, and he said he was weakness itself. Not on that slippery place over which is written, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," did he walk. In his holy bearing, while living, his own strength was not the power that girded him; he was courageously sure in death, because the broken reed "leaned on the arm of the beloved."

He said, "We must examine ourselves;" and God says, "We must." We are to probe deeply these hearts till we find Christ within. Should our soundings not find the rock, then we are to lay Christ within us, as the great corner stone; afterward build upon him. Peter found in his sad fall the ill of being unassured; and he tells us what to do to avoid his sin. "Faith first." Faith was our brother's ground work; without a doubt, he rested upon Jesus in loving trust. Peter says: "Add to your faith, virtue." This word, virtue, means a bold tone and vigor of mind. True valor found its embodiment in our good friend who ever dared to do right. Add to virtue, knowledge. No rash bravery was his.

An intellect, thoroughly disciplined by education, and nurtured besides by the truth of God, cast clear light on many questions of personal and public interest which came before him. To knowledge, temperance. All who heard that earnest pleading which our fellow-citizen gave us, when he lifted his tottering form from off his bed, at such peril, know his interest in the cause of temperance. He gave up his own dwelling once, too, you know, in devotion to the same virtue. To temperance, patience; to patience, godliness; to godliness, brotherly kindness; to brotherly kindness, charity. One upon another he carefully laid these graces, and, my Christian brethren, I have conscientiously scrutinized him; and he had them all. Now, to such work of building we are called; and to such attainment let us urge ourselves, that we also may have at last the dear assurance that our house is founded on the rock.

Some will say, Why seek the assurance that calling and election are established? O, brethren! many reasons urge it. Happiness here urges it. They have the brightest experience, who hold hope as an anchor sure and steadfast. Assurance makes the purest Christians. If we know assuredly that we are soon to wear an unfading crown, we shall act in view of it. If we are sure that soon we are to be on other shores, our walk and conversation will already be beyond the river. Assurance makes the most decided Christians. Decision of character, when it moves by the power of a holy purpose, is what has made martyrs; is what endures all that evil can do. He stood on the plane of duty like a rock.

The Apostle says, "Make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never fall; for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." If we will settle this matter of our salvation, so conclusively, by faith and life, God will fulfill that promise. Men may be Christians, and they may die and be saved, who never have had full assurance. Their's, however, is not an abundant entrance into the kingdom—Is not that being saved, so as by fire? Forebodings, fears, terrors, (and these come in the fury of fiery emblems,) accompany such an one to death's verge, seeming to be harbingers of the awaiting portion of that poor soul; but in the last moment, a strong arm delivers, and the spirit is safe, yet, so as by fire. That is a being "scarcely saved." Such reach the haven, as vessels that have been storm-tossed, till the ragged rigging has become useless, and spars and rudder have been borne away, and they have lost their meridian, and they roll helpless and hopeless, wrecked, unless the kind convoy come and bring them in saved, yet scarcely. The well assured disciple has an abundant entrance into heaven. See the ship homeward bound, as she nears the harbor in the country she seeks. Eyes, gladdened to tears, greet her coming; for she comes all trimmed, and with every piece of canvas spread; with colors in the breeze, that are well known in that port, and which make hearts leap joyfully, as they are descried aloft. Thus she moves, on her sure way, until the abundant entrance is obtained. So we are taught that he, who attains thus

his assurance, shall enter the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Our dear friend and brother, we know, was guided surely to widely opened portals, on that bright morning, bright to him abundantly. We tried with good words and with song to somewhat "clear his title" to him. Oh! what a contrast were the song falling so tenderly from trembling human lips, the words of our prayer, and our attempts at consolation, around that death bed, to the abundant entrance which, perhaps, even then was engaging his attention!

This is the lesson which comes to-day to Christians and to all who need redemption from that life and death: "Wherefore the rather give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never fall; for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

There were some to whom Mr. Ferry had kind attachment, which was in a certain sense peculiar, and in which he most assuredly exhibited a great beauty of spirit. There are two young ladies who have grown up here, whose birth days coincided with his own. It had been the custom with him and them to exchange tokens of kind remembrance on the return of that day. On the Christmas afternoon preceding his death one of these sent him a delicate bouquet of rare flowers, with the message that, "They were the last of the season." When told who sent them, he said, "Tell Ella that the time comes to us all when the winter of life shows its last bloom." As the eighth of September shall never again

renew to these young ladies such pleasant and oft repeated associations it is yet their privilege to draw annually nearer and nearer to him in the likeness of his blessed spirit.

It was the special, in fact, the only dread of the honored father and the kind husband that these precious ties must be sundered. It was a great comfort to him, that those dear ones could all be near while death drew on. No lack of paternal or filial affection caused the absence of the youngest son at the hour of final parting. That faithful child proved, by weeks of almost sleepless watching, that he was willing to give up the vigor of his, if it might tend to renew the father's, health. From that bed-side he withdrew for a very brief time, only when assured that his father was better, and that he would be spared until his return.

To the one who proved herself a sister in that protracted sickness, with such multitude of cares, with such kind gracious words, the precious comfort comes, God looked and saw it all, hearkened and heard it all; and he keeps all in his book of remembrance. The ministration of a cup of water only to such an one is a worthy act. Many cups of kindness have, in this case, been bestowed upon Christ's servant, for which Christ's word is enough, "Ye did it unto me."

To the children who so long have felt the tenderness of the relation between them and their father, and who have so peculiarly retained the pure, beautiful, childlike nature of the affection of sons and daughters

unto manhood and womanhood, and who are now fatherless, with paternal gentleness the covenant keeping God speaks: "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them."

To the one who has shared that life of toil and faith so long, and to the delicate nature of whose bereavement human words are not equal, a voice from above says, Go to the wells of Scripture which the strong, staying hand of the husband has so often pointed out, and you shall find the beatitude of the blessed Jesus true: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

## ADDRESS.

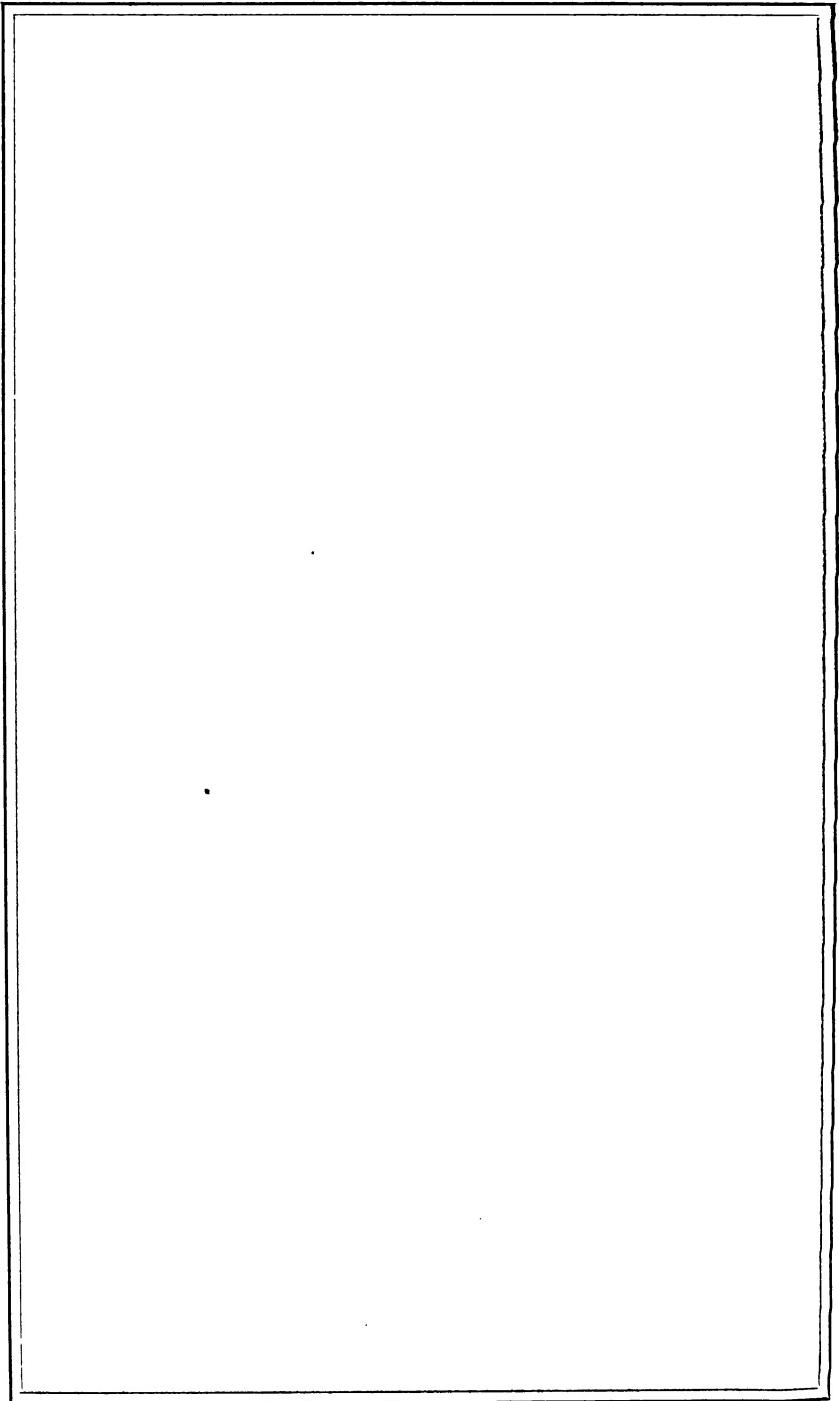
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AFTER THE CLOSING HYMN THE ASSEMBLAGE WERE  
ADDRESSED AS FOLLOWS:

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BY REV. D. F. COOPER,  
OF ALBION, MICH.

Formerly Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church,  
GRAND HAVEN.



## ADDRESS.

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Were it not the urgent request of your beloved pastor that I should say something upon this solemn occasion, and did I not feel myself justified by the peculiar circumstances of the case in doing so, I would not presume to add one word after the beautiful tribute that has just been paid the departed saint. And yet, had the coveted privilege been denied me, I should have turned away from these funeral rites with a sad and disappointed heart.

If I say anything eulogistic of the man it is only that through him the Master whom he so faithfully served may be glorified. This is as he, who was ever wont to hide himself behind the cross, would have it, could those dumb lips break their silence and speak.

I have called him a saint; not, however, designing by the appellation to exalt him to any superiority over other children of God.

By a saint I mean one of whom it can be said,

*First*, That he has been cleansed by the blood of Christ.

*Second*, That he has been renewed and purified by the Holy Ghost.

*Third*, That he has separated himself from the world and consecrated himself to God. In this sense all true

believers are saints, and need not hesitate to appropriate the title. And in this sense our departed father, friend and fellow-citizen was a saint. *He*, too, like us, was cleansed by blood. *He* was born of the spirit. *He*, while most emphatically in the world and of it lived, yet above it as but few men that are in it and of it do, and felt himself a blood-sprinkled vessel of the sanctuary, separated to God and his service.

Nevertheless, a saint is not a perfect man. He would not claim perfection for himself, and I shall not claim it for him. Vessels consecrated to the sanctuary service needed daily ablution. So, notwithstanding the consecration implied in saintship, do we need daily sanctifying to get rid of the sin we daily contract. So did he. And he felt the need as deeply as the most unworthy saint among us.

In the three hymns which, as you have already been told, he selected with a view to their being sung to-day, I think we have a key to his character. That selection was evidently made for a purpose; for, tell me, when did you ever know William M. Ferry to act without a purpose? His was an earnest soul, and the most trivial of his acts were dignified by their high and holy aim.

What was that purpose?

It was certainly not mere sentimentalism or the indulgence of the emotional nature for its own sake that prompted the choice of these hymns, for his religion was of that robust, healthy sort that repudiated all affectation and mawkish feeling. And, by as much, as for this reason, he was the very last among men whom we, who

knew him, would have expected to select hymns to be sung at his own funeral, we are all the more anxious to discover, if we can, why he did it.

Though he never breathed his inner thought to a living soul, it is not possible to mistake the purpose of the man. He intended, (whether we should have the sagacity to perceive it or not,) that these hymns should preach to us to-day, and likewise that they should be an exponent of the motives which actuated him in business life, the doctrines upon which he relied for salvation, and the glorious hope which animated his soul at the prospect of his "going." In short, his justification before men for the actions of his life, the belief of his head and the assurance of his heart. Look at them and see for yourselves.

FIRST, as expressive of the motive which actuated him in business life :

"With my substance I will honor  
My Redeemer and my Lord,  
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,  
All were nothing to his word."

There you have it. The glory of God in the accumulation of property. And if you are not now convinced of the truth of what I say, *you will not fail to acknowledge it at a proper time.\**

Your pastor has already told you with what heroic self devotion Mr. Ferry entered upon his twelve years'

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\* While I am in the act of complying with the request of the family that I should commit to writing for publication the remarks which, as spoken at the time were the spontaneous outgushing of a heart full of love and ven-

missionary work at Mackinaw. With the same lofty determination did he, when providentially turned aside from the legitimate work of the ministry, engage in what proved to be a highly successful business career. With him time was precious. Life was short. Though debarred the privilege of laboring longer in the profession of his early choice, he had a talent remaining, and he must improve it. With him, not in a Carlyleish, but in a truly noble, Christian sense, "work was worship;" all toil was sacred. He could say with the Pantheistic philosopher, baptizing the language in the blood of the cross, "No man has worked or can work except religiously." The Lord, to his clarified spiritual vision, was

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eration for the deceased, the journals of the day bring a confirmation of the statement made above.

The *Grand Haven Union* gives, among other items of his Will, the following as succeeding five others, in which he had made ample provision for his family and relatives:

"*Sixth.*—To be permanently invested, and called the 'Ferry Ministry Fund,' the sum of *twelve thousand dollars*, the interest thereof to be used to support in destitute places in the State of Michigan, one or more ministers, in conjunction with the people served.

"*Seventh.*—To the Lake Forest University, in the State of Illinois, the sum of *twenty thousand dollars*.

"*Eighth.*—Towards the erection of a Female Seminary at Lake Forest, the sum of *fifteen thousand dollars*.

"*Ninth.*—To the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the sum of *thirty thousand dollars*.

"*Tenth.*—To the American Bible Society, the sum of *thirty thousand dollars*.

"*Eleventh.*—To the American Tract Society, Boston, the sum of *fifteen thousand dollars*.

"*Twelfth.*—To the Presbyterian Publication Committee, the sum of *fifteen thousand dollars*."

soon to come from the "far country," and would surely reckon with "those servants" with whom he had delivered his "goods;" and *then*, if faithful, he expected to enter "into the joy of his Lord." Meantime, while waiting, he must labor diligently to multiply his talents.\*

Once, when riding with him through the pleasant woods, the conversation happened to turn upon the impossibility of the unregenerate soul ever being happy in heaven, inasmuch as he would constantly behold the hideousness of his own corrupt nature, mirrored in the holiness of the angelic throng. In illustration, he told me the following story: Mr. A. was a man of letters, exercising no ordinary influence over the higher circles of society, and yet thoroughly skeptical in his religious views; even bitter respecting all distinguishing claims of christianity; so much so, as sometimes to forget the gentleman, in his cutting sarcasms and pointed inuendos against professors of religion. On one occasion, having vented his spleen against a Mr. N., a citizen universally esteemed, not only for his kind and amiable deportment, but for his living, consistent and ardent piety, he was asked by his auditor, "Why, what is it you find in Mr. N.? What has he done to merit from you such unmeasured abuse?" Disconcerted for the moment by such a question, he was silent. Then recovering himself, he

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\* From Mr. Ferry's Will: "I direct the following inscription on my tombstone after my age, name, etc.:

FIRST, TOIL; THEN REST.

FIRST, GRACE; THEN GLORY.

said, and with an indescribable expression of countenance, "Really Sir, I hardly know. But, to tell you the truth, *that man's goodness makes me look ugly.*"

The goodness of Reverend William M. Ferry, has made many a man look ugly to himself. And by "goodness," I do not mean good-natured softness, or effeminacy. I mean all those graces enumerated by your pastor to-day, in his discourse, as necessary to be *added* to faith to make a symmetrical Christian character, viz: VIRTUE,\* Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Brotherly-kindness, and Charity.

All these excellencies Mr. Ferry possessed in a greater or less degree, and hence he was neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. THIS WAS THE SORT OF GOODNESS, I REPEAT, WHICH, AS SEEN IN REV. WILLIAM M. FERRY, BY

\* "For the meaning of the Apostle we must go back to the primary idea of virtue, which is *manhood, manly vigor, a courageous tone of mind.* The old martial Romans, from whom our word virtue is directly inherited, used this term to denote primarily the sum of all corporeal or mental excellencies in their ideal of a MAN. Corporeal strength, or vigor, and hence that quality of mind called courage, bravery, made a *vir-tuous*, manly Roman. In this primary sense the highest virtue was valor in war. Transferring this literal meaning of virtue to a figurative use, it denotes moral courage and force of character; that tone of mind which gives firmness, boldness, decision, energy in whatever truth and duty may demand. \* \* \* \* \* \* \* A resolute, unfaltering purpose to do right, a will to honor God and to stand by truth and duty, a will which can not be broken upon the wheel nor relaxed by the fires of martyrdom, but like steel, grows more firm and inflexible under pressure and heat; such a will is indeed a manly virtue."—Thompson's *Christian Graces*.

In this grace, as thus defined, Mr. Ferry excelled, as all who know him will testify.

MANY AN UNPRINCIPLED AND WICKED MAN, HAS MADE HIM LOOK UGLY TO HIMSELF.

I do not indulge in this train of thought to reflect unkindly upon any person present. God forbid that I should do a thing of this kind around the lifeless body of our departed friend. Yet I can not refrain from asking, out of justice to the memory of a good man, any who supposed him unnecessarily rigid and severe, and lacking in the milder virtues, were he now moving among us in his customary health—to whom, among all men around, would you so readily turn in the hour of sorrow for sympathy—in business perplexity for aid—in trial for succor? To whom *did* men uniformly go, even though prejudiced against him, when they desired an unbiased opinion, or judicious, unselfish counsel? I do not fear the response. With all his seeming sternness he possessed the tenderness of a woman; and if to-day he were living, and I knew that I had deeply, foully and consciously wronged him, from no man would I sooner expect to receive full forgiveness upon frank confession of the wrong.

All he ever asked in his dealings with men was, on their part, candor, openness, transparency, because he was, on his part, equally candid, open, transparent with them. But he was lynx-eyed to discern any tergiversation in others. All double dealing and shuffling he abhorred, and those who were guilty of it he “withstood to the face because they were to be blamed.” Yet, so far was he from shutting up the way to the restoration of harmony, in any instance of interrupted friendship,

that he sought rather to remove hindrances and invited to Christian reconciliation.

As your pastor has so beautifully expressed it, "His Christian character was that which was to be admired, to be loved, and *loved tenderly*, by all who would approach the holy of holies within him. There was a sally port to that inner tenderness of nature, where free, unchallenged entrance awaited all who simply spoke a word for Christ or his kingdom."

I know I have digressed somewhat from the main point from which I started. Still, I can not even now pass on, without placing on record my testimony—and the testimony, for unnamed reasons is of consequence—in regard to one other important point.

Never did Mr. Ferry seek, *not once*, during my ministry here, to overawe by authority, or to bring to bear the weight of his superior age, wide experience, and matured piety, in a way to embarrass my action. Not only did I feel untrammeled in the discharge of all ecclesiastical and pastoral duties, but he was to me, in relation to both, a tower of strength. I know my brother, the present pastor of this church, will cheerfully testify to the same thing. He feels weak to-day, by reason of the loss of a wise counselor, and I know well how to sympathize with him in his bereavement.

Consider now the second hymn selected as an exponent of the DOCTRINES upon which he relied for salvation, commencing:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word,  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled."

Oh! how precious to him were the doctrines of the Bible and the church of God. Many an hour have we, Greek Testament in hand, studied together, as developed in the Epistle to the Galatians, the leading doctrine of the one, viz.: Justification by Faith, and the Divine source of the other as having its origin in the Abrahamic covenant. I soon learned that with him the authority of great names was as nothing; and I derived more benefit from contact with his disciplined mind than from all expositions. When he tackled a difficult passage, of which there are so many in this epistle, he never let it go until he had brought forth a rendering more exact and expressive of the idea of the Apostle than any I could elsewhere find. His opinions of texts were his own, and invariably the result of vigorous thought and independent investigation.

But especially dear to him were those distinctive doctrines which lie at the foundation of the Calvanistic belief, viz.: the sovereignty of God, the perseverance in Grace of the Saints and the imputed Righteousness of Christ. Upon the immutable promises of God he rested as upon a rock. Here we discover the secret of that *assurance*, of which you have heard this morning, which characterized his closing hours, and which he so earnestly enjoined upon others to seek, or rather he wondered that Christians could be satisfied to live without it. The Saviour "having loved his own, which were in the world *he knew, he would love them to the end.*"

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I can not desert to his foes;  
That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I 'll never; no, never; no, never forsake."

The righteousness of God, by which he understood that obedience to the law, both in its penalty and requirements, which has been yielded to it by our Lord Jesus Christ, provided for us by God, and effected in the person of his dear Son, was not only "unto him," but "upon him"; not only offered to him, as it is to all others, but appropriated by him through his individual faith. That righteousness was his boast. To it his eye was ever directed. On it he ever relied. Shrouded in it he died. Clothed with it, he will appear with us before the judgment seat.

Actuated, then, by such holy motives, relying for salvation upon such doctrines, we are not surprised to find him, as life ebbs away, giving expression to the GLORIOUS HOPE which animates his soul at the prospect of his "going," in the selection of the third hymn:

"When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear  
And wipe my weeping eyes."

It was not my privilege to be present at his death-bed, but from what I have been told since my arrival, and from what I have seen, I do not believe that death was ever more effectually robbed of its terrors. Certainly, when I entered the household, it seemed pervaded more by holy serenity and joy than anguish.

It is not for me to depict the solemn tenderness of that Sabbath afternoon, December twenty-nine, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, when, at the summons of the dying patriarch, his children, like the sons of Jacob,

gathered themselves together to hearken unto the dying counsel of their venerable father before he finally "gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost." "I go," said he to them as the interview closed, "I GO LEANING UPON THE ARM OF MY BELOVED." It must have been a touching scene never to be effaced from the memory of those who beheld it. It belongs appropriately to your pastor to group together these incidents, if done at all; and I would not, if I could, deprive him of what must be a most delightful privilege.

If it be *appointed* unto man once to die, and there be no such a thing as evading the divine ordinance, can we conceive of a combination of circumstances better fitted to make dying easy, and the pain of separation light.

Read the telegram which summoned me here to-day:

GRAND HAVEN, December 30, 1867.

Father died this morning at half past ten o'clock. Sweetly he passed to his final home. Our loss is his infinite gain.

We will not disfigure our faces, nor give way to passionate grief, but will rather rejoice that a beloved saint has entered so gloriously into his rest.



PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL  
OF GRAND HAVEN,  
IN RELATION TO THE DEATH OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM M. FERRY.

The Council met at the usual hour, on the evening of Thursday, January second, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

Roll called. Present—The Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen Bosch, Clubb, Hopkins, Rice, Sanford, Van Der Veen, Van Weelden, Wallace.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The Mayor delivered the following message:

MESSAGE BY THE MAYOR.

*To the Common Council of the City of Grand Haven:*

GENTLEMEN—It has become my duty to announce to you the painful fact that since your last meeting our aged and distinguished fellow-citizen, Reverend William M. Ferry, has departed this life. He died at his residence, in this city, on the morning of Monday, December thirtieth, at about half past ten o'clock.

Mr. Ferry came to the mouth of Grand River in eighteen hundred and thirty-four and resided here until his death. Some of you know by his history, and a few by personal experience and intercourse with the deceased, that the settlement and early history of Grand Haven and Ottawa County are particularly identified with the Reverend William M. Ferry, so much so that knowledge of the one includes the knowledge of both, for they are inseparable.

It is, therefore, fit and proper, gentlemen, that this Council should remember that this city has lost its first great Pioneer and Founder, and on this occasion promptly evince its respect and esteem for the character and name of our late esteemed friend.

I therefore recommend that you take such action on this melancholy occasion as shall appropriately express upon our records the sentiment which I

know is uppermost in your minds, universally felt throughout the entire city. Also that the Council go into mourning for the next thirty days.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEORGE PARKS,

*Mayor.*

#### RESPONSE BY ALDERMAN CLUBB.

Alderman Clubb arose and said :

MR. MAYOR—This day the citizens of Grand Haven have paid the last tribute to the memory of their most distinguished fellow citizen, who departed this life on Monday last, surrounded by the afflicted and sorrowing family, and many sympathizing friends.

This festive season of the year has been broken upon by the remorseless arm of death! and the very air of our young city appears to bear the burden of sorrow, and to express, as it murmers through the frost-stricken trees, a solemn requiem to the departed.

Rev. William M. Ferry had strong claims upon us, as a man of uncommon ability and sagacity, of moral firmness and determination, and a rigid adherence to his convictions of right and duty. Unlike the other original proprietors, he settled at Grand Haven at an early day, and has remained here through all the vicissitudes attending the establishment of a new home in the wilderness—a new rendezvous of trade—a new commercial center. And he has lived long enough to see the place he was first to settle, grow to the denomination, and in many respects the dimensions and importance of a city. True, the first year of our corporate existence has not yet closed, ere we are called upon to follow to the tomb, the revered founder of the place we love to call our home.

“His voice is silent in your council hall  
For ever; and, whatever tempests lower,  
For ever silent; yet remember all  
He spoke among you; and the man who spoke,  
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with eternal God for power;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow  
Thro’ either babbling world of high or low;  
Whose life was work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life.”

Yea, father of our city! and of a son who sealed with his life’s blood his devotion to his country and the principles taught him at home, thou art silent.

“But sustained and soothed,  
By an unfaltering trust, approached thy grave  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Although many of us, and perhaps all, have had occasion to honestly differ with Mr. Ferry on questions of public policy, I have never heard from any member of this council any expression impugning his motives or doubting his sincerity, and now that death has removed him from the busy scenes of life, we can point with honest pride to the character which, for over thirty years, has constituted the most prominent feature of this community. Not mills, nor houses, nor lands, constitute the town or city so much as the men that live there, and with a character so enterprising, so persevering, so well balanced, so self-possessed—so thoroughly established in principles taught by the religion he professed, it is not surprising that there were drawn around him in this vicinity many of similar aspirations, who are seeking through the legitimate channels of manufacture, trade and commerce the establishment of a city which, in the natural course of events, must exercise an important influence over that portion of the State of which it is and must remain the commercial center and natural outlet.

I move that the message just delivered by the Mayor be referred to a special committee of three, with instruction to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiment of this Council on the occasion.

The Mayor thereupon appointed the following special committee: Aldermen Clubb, Hopkins, Rice.

The Council took an informal recess while the committee retired for deliberation.

Subsequently, Alderman Clubb, from the special committee, made the following report:

The special committee to whom was referred the message of Mayor Parks, announcing the death of the Reverend William Montague Ferry, beg leave to report the following preamble and resolutions, and recommend their passage:

*Whereas*, The Common Council of the city of Grand Haven, having heard with profound sorrow, of the death of Rev. Wm. M. Ferry, the first white settler in this county, and the founder and father of this city, desire to record their high estimate of his qualities of mind and heart, as a most affectionate friend, a man of untiring business enterprise, large benevolence, inflexible integrity of purpose, and firmly fixed moral and religious character. To his enterprise is largely due the material growth of our city, and the tenacity with which he has, from the first, maintained all those institutions which are adapted to promote the mental, moral and religious education of the young, we recognize as having contributed largely to the stability, morality, and good order of society. And we rejoice that a kind Providence has spared him to so ripe an age to witness the results of his far-seeing

plans and labors. And while we desire to recognize the Divine Being as controlling the issues of life and death for his own glory and the good of his creatures, and therefore to submit with resignation to his will, yet we can but mourn the departure of one who has so long and faithfully stood as a bulwark against vice and immorality, and the patron of that which is good; and

*Whereas*, This Common Council, therefore, desire to tender to the afflicted family and friends of the honored dead their earnest sympathy, and that of their constituency, the citizens of Grand Haven, in the sad bereavement which has deprived them of an affectionate husband and father, and an unwavering friend and counsellor; therefore,

*Resolved*, By the Common Council of the city of Grand Haven, that in further token of our respect for the memory of the Rev. William M. Ferry, we go into mourning, by wearing crape upon the left arm, for the period of thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions properly engrossed and attested, under the official seal of the city, be presented to the family of the deceased; and that copies be also furnished to the several newspapers in this city for publication.

*Resolved*, That as a still farther mark of respect, this Council do now adjourn.

On motion of Alderman Wallace the resolutions were adopted.

On motion of Alderman Rice,

*Resolved*, That the message of the Mayor, the remarks in reply by the Alderman from the Fourth Ward, and the resolutions just passed, be inserted on the records, and published in both the city newspapers.

The Council then adjourned.



